Enter Nim, Pistoll, Bardolfe, Hoster, and a boy.

Host. I prethee sweet heart,
Let me bring thee so farre as *Staines*.
Pist. No fur, no fur.
Bar. Well, sir *Iohn* is gone, God be with him.
Host. I, he is in *Arthors* bosome, if euer any were,
He went away as if it were a crysombd childe,
Betweene twelue and one,
Iust at turning of the tide;
His nose was as sharpe as a pen;
For when I saw him fumble with the sheets,
And talke of flowers, and smile vpon his fingers ends,
I knew there was no way but one.
How now sir *Iohn*, quoth I?
And he cryed three times, God, God, God,
Now I to comfort him, bad him not thinke of God,
I hope there was no such need.
Then he bad me put more cloathes on his feete,
And I felt to them, and they were as cold as any stone,
And to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone.
And so vpward, & vpward, and all was as cold as stone.
Nim. They say he cride out on Sacke.
Host. I that he did.
Boy. And of women.
Host. No that he did not.
Boy. Yes that he did, & sed they were diuels incarnste.
Host. Indeed carnation was a colour he neuer loued.
Nim. Well, he did cry out on women.
Host. Indeed he d id in some sort handle women
But then he was rumaticke,
And talkt of the whore of Babilon.
Boy. Hostes, do you remember he saw a Flea stand
Vpon *Bardolfes* nose, and sed it was a blacke soule
Burning in hell?

Bard.

Bar. Well, God be with him,
That was all the wealth I got in his seruice.
Nim. Shall we shog off?
The king will be gone from *Southampton*.
Pist. Cleare vp thy cristals,
Looke to my chattels and my moueables;
Trust none; the word is pitch and pay:
Mens words are wafer cakes,
And hold fast is the onely dog my deare.
Therefore cophetua be thy counsellor,
Touch her soft lips and part.
Bar. Farewell hostesse.
Nim. I cannot kis, and theres the humor of it,
But adieu.
Pist. Keepe fast thy buggle boe.

Exit om

Enter King of France, Bourbon, Dolphin, and others.

King. Now you Lords of *Orleance*,
Of *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*,
You see the King of England is not slacke,
For he is footed on this Land already.
Dolphin. My gracious Lord,
Tis meete we all go foorth,
And arme vs against the foe:
And view the weake and sickly parts of *France*:
But let vs do it with no shew of feare,
No with no more, then if we heard
England were troubled with a Morris dance.
For my good Lord, she is so idely kingd,
Her scepter so fantastically borne,
So guided by a shallow humorous youth,
That feare attends her not.
Con. O peace Prince Dolphin, you deceiue your se